

THRILLING TALES OF TERROR 10¢

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

APRIL

NO! LET ME GO! Y-YOU
CAN'T KILL ME! YOU'RE
DEAD! DEAD!

DON'T MISS THE
CHILLING STORY OF
**THE
COFFIN**

YES, WE'RE **DEAD**, MISTER... AND
YOU KILLED US! IT WAS A YEAR
AGO TONIGHT! YOU WERE DRUNK AND
DRIVING! WELL, TONIGHT **WE'RE**
DRIVING... AND YOU'RE GOING
TO DIE!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're under-weight... or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE.

MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 days' supply... for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Get a more weight!

10-DAY
SUPPLY \$1.
ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight... or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet... that combines not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid... not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12... the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1... and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite... they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 198,
375 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail as your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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GREETINGS, FOUL FIENOS! WELCOME TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES
 WE'VE GOT AN ARMFUL OF LOATHSOME
 TALES WHICH SHOULD KEEP YOU NAUSEOUS AND LAUGHING ALL NIGHT! WE START OFF WITH ENCHANT-
 ING EPISOOE DEALING WITH YOUR FAVORITE TOPIC...WHAT ELSE? DEATH, NATCH! WE CALL IT . . .

REVENGE



I LOVE FUNERALS! THE WAY SOME PEOPLE LOVE WEDDINGS, THAT'S THE WAY I LOVE FUNERALS. BUT AFTERALL, WHY NOT? I'M DEAD...AND MY JOB IS TO ESCORT FRESH CORPSES TO THEIR NEW HOME! RIGHT NOW I'M AT THE FUNERAL OF GLORIA MOORE, A SWEET GIRL OF ONLY 25". POOR THING, IT WAS VERY UNFORTUNATE...AN AUTO-MOBILE ACCIDENT...

LOVELY FUNERAL!
 ONE OF THE NICEST
 I'VE EVER ATTENDED!

(SOB) OH,
 DARLING,
 DARLING!



THAT HANDSOME YOUNG MAN NEAR THE GRAVE MUST BE GLORIA'S HUSBAND, PAUL! HANDSOME DEVIL, ALL RIGHT! HE MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY ABOUT HER...AND SHE PROBABLY ADORED HIM! IT'S ALMOST TIME TO MEET GLORIA. . .

HERE, GLORIA!
 HERE I AM!

WHAT? BUT. . .
 BUT WHO ARE YOU?



OH, MY, IT'S ALWAYS THIS WAY! THEY NEVER KNOW WHO I AM... BUT THEN I WAS A NEW CORPSE AND I WAS AS DUMB AS ALL THE OTHERS...

I'M THE SPIRIT WHO'S GOING TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR PERMANENT HOME, MY DEAR! COME ALONG!

HO! I DON'T WANT TO GO! PAUL! PAUL, OH DARLING...

I WAIT WHILE SHE FLOATS OVER TO HER HUSBAND... POOR GLORIA, SHE REFUSES TO BELIEVE SHE'S DEAD!

PAUL! IT'S ME, GLORIA! PLEASE, DARLING, LOOK UP... IT'S ME!

HE CAN'T HEAR YOU GLORIA! YOU ARE JUST MAKING YOURSELF MISERABLE, DEAR GIRL... NOW PLEASE, COME ALONG!

SHE SOBS ALL THE WAY HOME... BUT I'M USED TO THIS. ALL NEW CORPSES CRY AT FIRST! SHE'LL GET OVER IT...

OH, DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CRY SO, GLORIA! IT MAKES ME VERY NOMBID... AND BESIDES, YOU'LL LOVE YOUR NEW HOME!

I WON'T (SOB) LOVE IT! I (SOB) WANT TO BE WITH PAUL!

SHE CRIES AND SULKS FOR A WEEK... NOTHING MAKES MEN HAPPY! INSTEAD OF ENJOYING ALL THE COMFORTS OF OUR GHOUL PARADISE, SHE REFUSES TO TAKE PART IN OUR FUN...

GLORIA, AT LEAST GIVE US A CHANCE! WE'RE NOT SO BAD! HOW ABOUT A NICE GAME OF DEAD MAN'S BLUFF!

NO! NO! NO! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE! I WANT TO GO BACK TO EARTH!

FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, I TAKE HER TO THE TRANSPORTATION OFFICE... I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A TOUGH CASE!

...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, SIR! SHE'S A TROUBLED SPIRIT! SHE KEEPS INSISTING THAT SHE WANTS TO GO BACK!

WELL, WE'VE HAD CASES LIKE THIS BEFORE! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THEM... TAKE HER BACK DOWN, SPIRIT X! YOU CAN STAY EXACTLY ONE MONTH... AND NO LONGER, YOUNG LADY!

AND SO TONIGHT, ONCE AGAIN, I'M BACK ON EARTH... I HATE THESE JOBS... THEY ALWAYS END UP THE SAME. THE SPIRIT FINALLY GIVES UP AND BACK WE GO...

OH, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HIM... MY POOR POOR PAUL! HE'S PROBABLY MISERABLE!

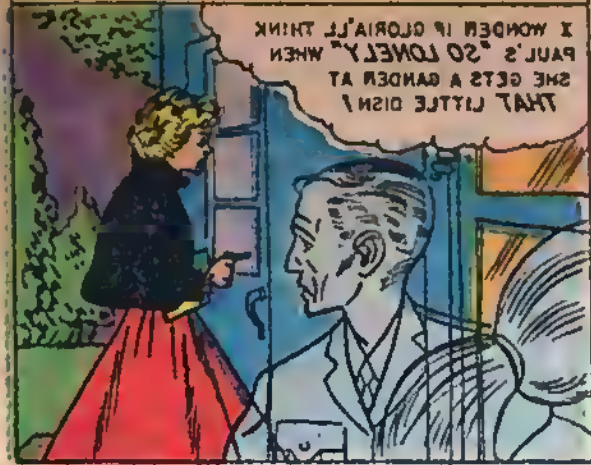
OKAY, OKAY... BUT JUST REMEMBER, GLORIA, WHILE YOU CAN SEE HIM... HE CAN'T SEE YOU!

WE CAN SEE PAUL THROUGH THE WINDOW... HE'S JUST COME INTO THE HOUSE. I MUST ADMIT, ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN MILLIONS OF MEN, DEAD AND ALIVE, PAUL MOORE IS THE BEST LOOKING GUY I'VE EVER SEEN...

LOOK AT HIM! OH, X, LOOK AT HIM! ISN'T HE SIMPLY GORGEOUS!

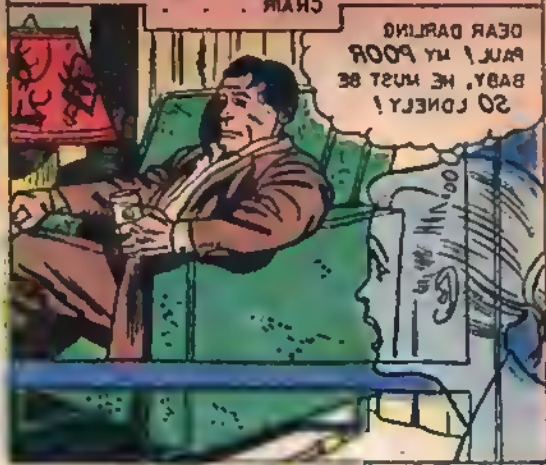
WELL, ER... GORGEOUS! ISN'T QUITE THE WORD... HOWEVER, YES, HE'S A FINE SPECIMEN OF A MAN!

GLORIA IS TOO PREOCCUPIED AS SHE LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW TO NOTICE THE GORGEOUS BLONDE WHO BOLDLY ENTERS THE FRONT DOOR.



THAT LITTLE DISH!
SHE GETS A GANDER AT
PAUL'S "SO LONELY" WHEN
I WONDER IF GLORIA'LL THINK

GLORIA WATCHES HIM, HER EYES FILLED WITH ADORATION, AS HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT, MIXES HIMSELF A DRINK AND SETTLES BACK INTO A CHAIR.



DEAR DARLING
PAUL, MY POOR
BABY, HE MUST BE
SO LONELY!

ALL TOO SOON THE UNUSUAL STORY UNFOLDS...



EVERY PASS!
THIS LAST MONTH WOULD
LONG, I DON'T THINK
GOD, PAUL, IT'S BEEN SO
IT WAS FOR THE BEST!
I KNOW, HONEY, BUT
SUSPECTS ANYTHING!

IT TAKES A FULL MINUTE OR MORE FOR GLORIA TO GET THE GIST OF THE SITUATION.



DARLING...
DARLING...
BABY...
BABY...
BUT...
BUT...

POOR GLORIA, THE LITTLE IDIOT!
SHE WAS CRAZY ABOUT ME UNTIL
THE VERY END



FOR YOU?
WIFE TO DO
ADORING
YOUR
MOTOR, I WANT TO
LAYTON'S POWER
UP TO ROCK PEAR,
I WISH YOU'D DRIVE

EVERYTHING WENT OFF
WITHOUT A HITCH. I HAD
IT PLANNED DOWN TO THE
LAST SMALL DETAIL...
ON THE MORNING GLORIA
WAS KILLED...



THANK FOR
DO ANY
KIND OF
ME A FAVOR THIS
WONDER IF YOU'D DO
GLORIA, DARLING, I
OF COURSE,

LET HOW'D YOU
MANAGE IT,
CINCH, LADY!
IT WAS A
CINCH!
THERE ISN'T
A SOUL IN
STUPID TOWN
WHO WOULD
BELIEVE THAT
I'M A MURDERER!
CLEAR!
AFTERN'T TOO
DETAILS
THE PAPER BUT
ACCIDENT IN
ABOUT THE
MONEY? I READ
BUT HOW'D YOU





SHE LAUGHED WHEN I TOLD HER WHAT MY "FAVOR" WAS AND KISSED ME... SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT I WAS LAUGHING TOO!

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO IT, PAUL! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRIVE UP THERE!

YOU BETTER ENJOY IT, BABY... IT'LL BE YOUR LAST ONE!



"I'D MADE ALL THE "ARRANGEMENTS" THE NIGHT BEFORE AND SO THERE WAS NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT GO TO THE OFFICE. GLORIA LEFT THE HOUSE AT NOON AND WAS ATOP ROCK PEAK AN HOUR LATER...

GIVE ME BEST TO PAUL, GLORIA! AND BE CAREFUL GOING DOWN... THOSE HAIRPIN CURVES CAN BE DANGEROUS!

DON'T WORRY, HANK! I'M A GOOD DRIVER!



GLORIA WAS A GOOD DRIVER... BUT NO DRIVER, GOOD OR BAD, CAN FUNCTION WITHOUT BRAKES.

G-CAN'T STOP... THE BRAKES AREN'T WORKING! O-OH, MY GOD...



"TCH...TCH...TCH... POOR GLORIA, SHE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE..."



SECONDS LATER IT WAS ALL OVER...



"THE STATE POLICE FOUND HER AND CALLED ME. OH, I PUT ON A GOOD ACT, ALL RIGHT! YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT I WAS NEARLY OUT OF MY MIND WITH GRIEF..."

NO! SHE CAN'T BE DEAD... SHE ISN'T DEAD! I WON'T BELIEVE IT! GLORIA, GLORIA, DARLING...

I KNOW IT'S A SNOCK, MR. MOORE, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!



"THE FUNERAL WAS A RIOT! I STOOD THERE, MY HEAD BOWED, MY EYES FILLED WITH TEARS... AND MY HEART FILLED WITH DELIGHT! I WAS RID OF HER... A FREE MAN... AND \$50,000 RICHER!"

ASHES TO ASHES...



I CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LOOK AT GLORIA. SHE JUST
LIES THERE, SHOCKED, CHOKED WITH RAGE AND
HONOR

HE KILLED ME! DID
HE KILL WHAT HE
SAID HE KILLED ME
MURDERED ME!

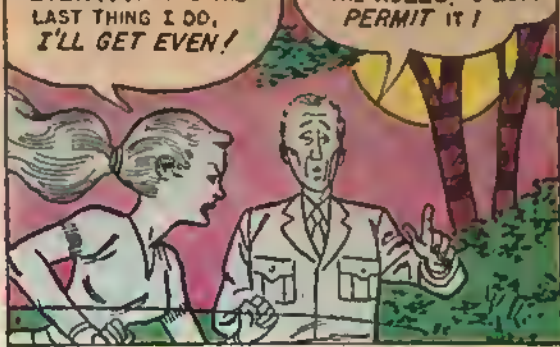
NOW, GLORIA, TRY TO
BE CALM! THESE THINGS,
UNFORTUNATELY, SOME-
TIMES HAPPEN, BUT...



BUT THERE IS NO CALMING HER... SHE'S LIKE A
WILD WOMAN... ER, WILD GHOST

HE DID IT FOR HER! FOR
THAT PEROXIDED CHEAP
HUSSY! OH, I'LL GET
EVEN... IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I DO,
I'LL GET EVEN!

GLORIA, YOU
SHOULDN'T TALK
THAT WAY. IT'S AGAINST
THE RULES! I CAN'T
PERMIT IT!



AN HOUR PASSED... AN HOUR IN WHICH GLORIA
WAS YELLED, SOBBED, AND HAD HYSTERICS. NOW I
TRY TO CONVINCE HER TO ACCOMPANY ME BACK
"HOME"

PLEASE, SPIRIT X, PLEASE,
DON'T START THAT AGAIN!
I'M NOT GOING BACK! PAUL
IS MINE... I WON'T
LET HIM GO!

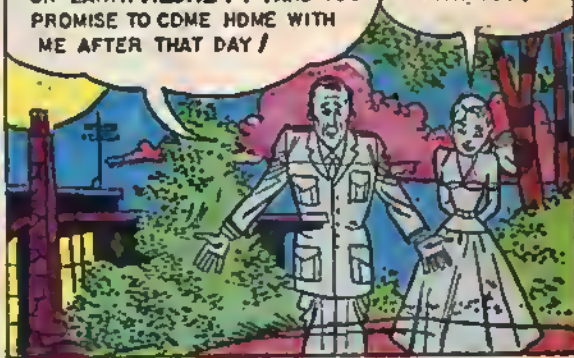
GOOD LORD,
DON'T TELL ME
YOU STILL LOVE
HIM? HE MUR-
DERED YOU!



BUT SHE DOES STILL LOVE HIM. DEAR ME, DEAD OR
ALIVE, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WOMEN! AFTER
AN HOUR MORE OF ARGUING, WE FINALLY DECIDE
ON A COMPROMISE

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, YOU
WIN! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE DAY
ON EARTH ALONE... AND YOU
PROMISE TO COME HOME WITH
ME AFTER THAT DAY!

YES, IF YOU
STILL WANT
ME, I'LL COME
WITH YOU!



I LEAVE WITH MISGIVINGS... WHAT
IS SHE GOING TO DO DURING THOSE
24 HOURS? MY LAST GLIMPSE OF
HER IS AS SHE FLOATS SILENTLY
BACK TO THE WINDOW...

I DON'T LIKE THIS
MESS... DON'T LIKE IT
ONE BIT! THAT LOOK
IN HER EYE...



BUT, HONEY,
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE BRAKES?
WHY DIDN'T
THEY WORK?

THEY DIDN'T
WORK BECAUSE
THE NIGHT BEFORE
I MADE A TIHY
PUNCTURE
IN THE BRAKE
DRUM BY THE
TIME POOR OLORIA
KIT THE DOWNGRADE,
ALL THE BRAKE FLUID
HAS SEEPED OUT!
SIMPLE, EH,
DARLING?



PAUL, DARLING,
YOU'RE SO CLEVER!
AND DON'T FORGET,
YOU PROMISED
BABY SHE COULD
HAVE A
NEW
MINK!

DON'T WORRY,
BABY, I
HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN!
AS FOR POPPA,
THAT INSURANCE
I TOLD OUT ON GLORIA
IS GOING TO FURNISH A
BIG NEW CADILLAC...
PLUS DOUGH TO BURN!



I GET BACK HOME LATE THAT NIGHT AND FALL ASLEEP ON A CLOUD, EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED/ IT'S BEEN A TERRIBLE DAY...AND I HAVE NIGHTMARES...



I AWAKEN IN A COLD SWEAT AND IN DESPERATION FINALLY SEEK OUT THE ADMISSIONS OFFICER... I NEED ADVICE...

GOOD GRIEF, X, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS? WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG?

EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING'S WRONG!



I TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY, AND WHEN I FINISH HE JUST SHARES HIS HEAD DISGUSTEDLY...

X, YOU'RE AN IDIOT! YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT HER THERE ALONE! AND WORSE YET, NOW THAT YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR WORD, YOU CAN'T GO BACK UNTIL THE 24 HOURS IS OVER!

I KNOW, I KNOW... OH, LORD, I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING NOW?



DA DE DUM, DA DE DUM...



IT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY BUT AT LAST THE 24 HOURS HAS PASSED AND I'M ON MY WAY TO MEET GLORIA AND BRING HER BACK HOME...

OH, THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE HERE! I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!

HAPPENED? BUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME? AFTERALL, I'M ALREADY DEAD!



OH, YES, I'D FORGOTTEN! WELL, ENOUGH TALKING, LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!

GIVE ME JUST ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES! PAUL IS ON HIS WAY TO MEET LYDIA... LET'S FLOAT OVERHEAD!



I DECIDE TO HUMOR HER FOR THE LAST TIME... AFTERALL, SHE HAD BEEN GOOD DURING THOSE 24 HOURS...

I MUST SAY, MY DEAR, YOU SEEM IN A FINE MOOD! SO MUCH BETTER THAN LAST NIGHT!

I AM IN A GOOD MOOD... AND WHY NOT? I'M GOING TO GET MY HUSBAND BACK! DA DE DUM DUM DE!



TO GET HUSBAND NOT? B-BUT... OH, NO! HE... HE...

THAT'S RIGHT, X, OLD BOY, I'VE FIXED THE BRAKES!

SCREEEEEE

--EY, THE BRAKES! I CAN'T STOP...

THE CAR CAREENS WILDLY DOWN THE HILL... AND FINALLY CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE. PAUL MOORE'S AGONIZED SCREAM FILLS THE AIR

YAAAAGH!

CRASH!

PAUL IS DEAD AND IT IS ONLY SECONDS LATER WHEN HIS SPIRIT ARISES FROM THE MANGLED METAL...

GLORIA! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE AM I?

HELLO, DARLING! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT AFTER A WHILE! WE'RE DEAD!

OH, MY, WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO!

I CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH ME NOW! YOU'RE A MURDERER! YOU'RE BOTH MURDERERS!

FOR AN INSTANT, I'M UTTERLY BEWILDERED. NEITHER ONE OF THEM BELONGS IN GHOUL HEAVEN... BUT WHAT WILL I DO WITH THEM? THEN A VOICE ANSWERS MY QUESTION

DON'T WORRY, X, I'VE COME FOR THEM! THEY'RE MINE. NOW

NO...NO... NOT THAT!

DON'T FRET, DARLING, IT DOESN'T MATTER! WE'LL BE TOGETHER!

WHICH AS THE OTHER MESSENGER LEADS THEM FORWARD... DOWNWARD... WELL, AT LEAST GLORIA'S HAPPY! SHE'S GOT PAUL BACK JUST LIKE SHE SAID SHE WOULD

WELL, DARLING, GET AWAY FROM ME, GLORIA! LEAVE ME ALONE! WINE!

SORRY, BUB, YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE HER NOW!

TCH, TCH, TCH... AND SHE WAS SUCH A NICE GIRL!

WELCOME HOME, KIDDIES!

THE END



COMPLETE BAFFLING MAGIC OUTFIT

20 First Class Illusions

BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH
A FULL 2 HOUR MYSTERY SHOW

\$1
Only



ROPE TRICK—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



GRAVITY—Defy scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



MAGIC MIRROR—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



FLYING QUARTER—Here's one you can do over and over again and make all the guessers look foolish.

Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.

You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear . . . Imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling . . . BUT . . . the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

No Experience Necessary

The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too . . . for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong . . . it's as easy as A, B, C's . . . AND . . . the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of \$1.00.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You'll agree this 20 piece Magic Set is worth much more than our bargain price of \$1.00; and it is. We want new friends for our other novelty bargains. We want you to try the set, follow the instructions and if not 100% delighted, return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of your dollar. Act at once. Sorry, only three to a customer.



ALL THESE 20 TRICKS INCLUDED

CUT AND RESTORED ROPE	HORSE AND RIDER
FAMOUS PADDLE TRICK	CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET
RING ON STRING	MIRACLE COIN TRICK
VIS-ESCAPE	QUESTION MARK
MAGIC PINS	CRAPPLES
RING AND COIL	TWISTER TRICK
GRAVITY DEFYER	MASTER CARD LOCATION
MAGIC MIRROR	PLUS 5 CUT-OUT TRICKS

And special illustrated secret instruction booklet.

RUSH COUPON — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 800,
35 Wilbur ST. Lynbrook, N.Y.

Kush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 on delivery plus a few cents postage.
- ☐ I enclose \$1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

MEN! WOMEN! take orders for famous NYLONS GUARANTEED 9 mos.

ONLY YOUR SPARE TIME NEEDED



A CAR IN 4 MONTHS—AND UP TO \$20 IN A HALF DAY

"I cannot express my thrill upon receiving this beautiful new Chevrolet. I was a bit doubtful at first but now it is a reality and I thank you for making it so. I have earned this car in just four short months and I'm sure others can do the same. Thank you for making it possible for me to earn more money than ever before. I have earned as much as twenty dollars for one half day and my bonus alone for one month was \$125.00."—Mrs. E. A. Conway

NEW CAR GIVEN OR IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A CAR YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE ON OUR "TRADE-IN" PLAN. WIL-KNIT actually gives new Fords, Plymouths or Chevrolets to producers as a bonus in addition to your regular earnings. It is yours. Or if you now have a car, you can get a new one even quicker under our "trade-in" plan without paying a penny. Get the facts now.

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING REQUIRED

Our unusual plan is a sure-fire money maker! Sensational Guarantee is creating a tremendous demand for Wil-knit Nylons! Mrs. Nellie Gail of Iowa started out with me and made \$48.89 the very first week in just her spare hours. Mrs. Agnes McCall, of South Carolina, did even better. Her spare time in her very first week brought her earnings of \$95.56. Mrs. Walter Simmons of New York turned her spare time into earnings of \$92.82 her first week out. **THESE EXCEPTIONAL EARNINGS FOR JUST SPARE TIME** and in the very first week give you an idea of the possibilities!

GUARANTEED AGAINST Runs, Wear and Even Snags!

Why is it so easy for Wil-knit Salespeople to get orders? I'll tell you—it's because weat and back of Wil-knit Nylons with the most amazing guarantee you have ever heard of. Your customers can wear out their hose. They can develop runs. They can even snag them. No matter what happens to make Wil-knit Nylons unwearable... within 9 months, depending on quantity... we replace them free of charge under terms of our guarantee. No wonder women are anxious to buy Wil-knit! And no wonder it is easy to quickly build up a fine and STEADY year around income. Earnings start immediately. Look at these exceptional figures—Lillian A. Bronson of Georgia made \$80.60 first week spare time. Ethel Cameron of Michigan, \$64.14. Sabine Fisher, New York, reports earnings of \$70.10 under our unusual plan just for spare time in her first week. Mrs. Edward Leo of Minn. In writing to thank us for the new Plymouth she received, also reports: "I actually earned \$12.00 in twenty minutes by the clock. I actually couldn't believe I earned that much until I re-checked my figures."

SEND NO MONEY JUST NAME & HOSE SIZE...

IMPLY MAIL COUPON. When you send for Selling Outfit, I will send your choice of Nylons or Socks for your personal use. Just send your name for the facts about the most sensational line of hosiery for men, women and children ever offered. Your friends and neighbors will admire you and this unusual selection of most beautiful hosiery! Just mail coupon or postal card now, and learn at once how you, too, can earn big money in FULL or SPARE TIME and qualify for an extra bonus and a New Car over and above your cash earnings. *L. Lowell Wilkin*

WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc., A-8142 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

LOOK AT THESE EXCEPTIONAL First Week Spare Time Earnings

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the Big Money that is possible in just spare time starting the very first week.

Mr. Richard Pateng, Penna. \$63 ⁸⁴ First Week SPARE TIME	Mrs. W. B. Foss, S. Dak. \$60 ⁴⁷ First Week SPARE TIME
Mrs. Virgil Hickman, Tenn. \$74 ⁴⁷ First Week SPARE TIME	Mr. A. E. Croston, Ga. \$52 ²⁶ First Week SPARE TIME
Mr. Henry O'Rourke, Vermont \$58 ⁸⁰ First Week SPARE TIME	Mrs. Emory Shoots, Wyo. \$48 ⁸⁹ First Week SPARE TIME
Mrs. J. A. Slevers, Fla. \$85 ¹⁴ First Week SPARE TIME	Mr. J. Hillman Jr., Ohio \$49 ⁷² First Week SPARE TIME
Mr. Anthony Arrilla, Mass. \$135 ⁰⁰ First Week SPARE TIME	Mrs. John German, Conn. \$71 ⁸⁴ First Week SPARE TIME
Mrs. Agnes Michaels, Ind. \$54 ¹⁸ First Week SPARE TIME	Mr. W. Riley, Ill. \$72 ⁷² First Week SPARE TIME
Russell P. Hart, New York \$63 ³⁰ First Week SPARE TIME	Miss Frances Friedman, Texas \$62 ⁷³ First Week SPARE TIME

Guaranteed Hose
for Men, Women
and Children

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HEH, HEH, HEH, WELCOME TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, KIDDIES! THIS IS A SWEET LITTLE GEM WE KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY! BARE YOUR FANGS, GRAB HOLD OF YOUR BROOMSTICKS AND PREPARE FOR A JOURNEY INTO TERROR! THIS TIME WE TAKE YOU TO GERMANY... A LAND, SO THE WITCHES LEGENDS TELL, FILLED WITH A SPECIAL VARIETY OF CREATURES: CREATURES KNOWN AS

WEREWOLVES



OUR SCENE OPENS IN A DINGY LITTLE CAFE IN BERLIN, GERMANY. THE YEAR IS 1930 AND THE TWO PEOPLE TALKING SO EARNESTLY ARE HANS FREDERICK AND HIS WIFE, HILDA...

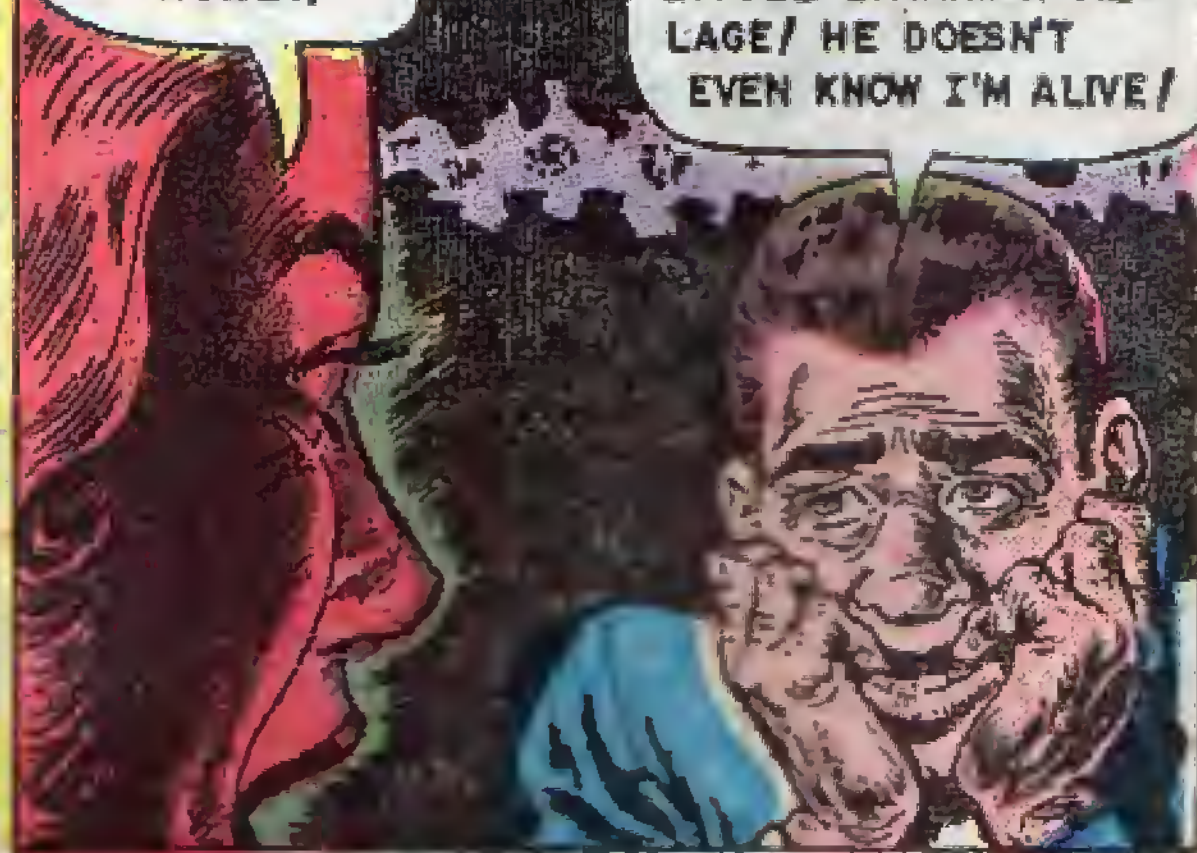
YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT, HANS! I WARN YOU, I WON'T LIVE THIS WAY MUCH LONGER! I'M SICK OF BEING POOR!

BUT HILDA, IT IS THE TIMES! EVERYBODY IS POOR!



NO, HANS, NOT EVERYBODY IS POOR... YOUR UNCLE JOSEF, FOR EXAMPLE! HE IS A WEALTHY MAN! MAKE HIM GIVE US SOME MONEY!

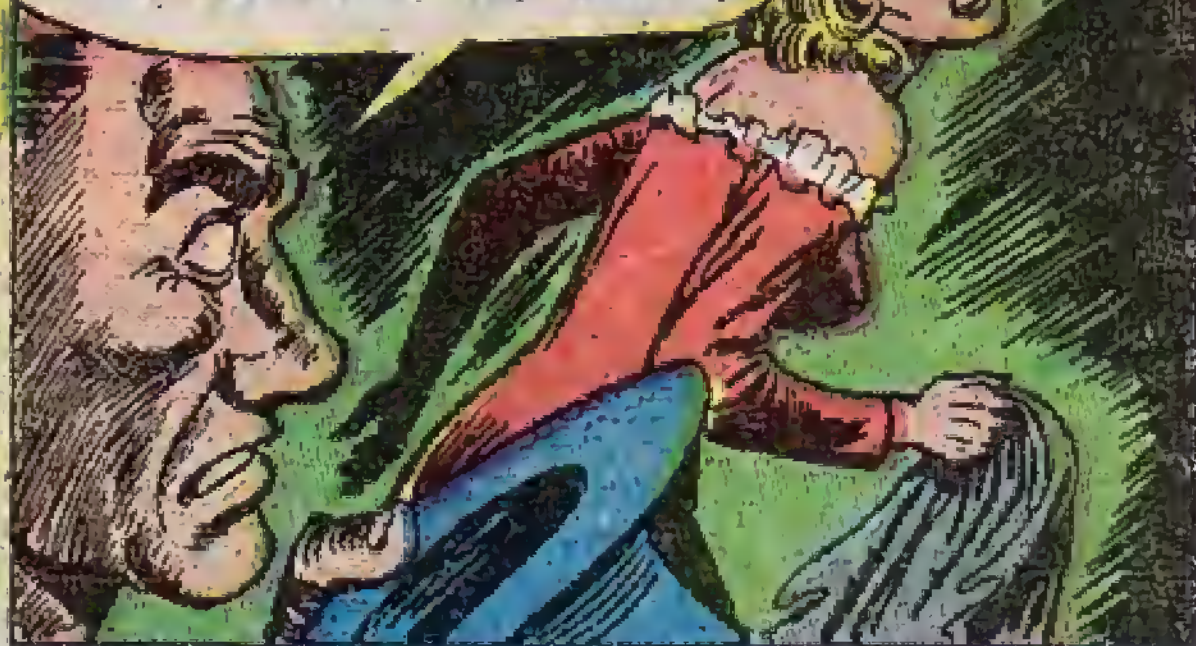
HILDA, BE REASONABLE! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN TWENTY YEARS! HE'S STUCK AWAY IN SOME LITTLE BAVARIAN VILLAGE! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE!



BUT HILDA FREDERICK DID NOT GIVE UP EASILY... SHE NAGGED AND NAGGED UNTIL FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, HANS AGREED TO HER PLAN.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! ANYTHING TO SHUT YOUR MOUTH FROM YAPPING! WE WILL PAY UNCLE JOSEF A VISIT... BUT I WARN YOU, IT IS A WASTE OF TIME AND OUR LITTLE MONEY!

WE'LL SEE!



AND SO IT WAS ON A DAY LATE IN FALL THAT HANS FREDERICK AND HIS WIFE ARRIVED IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF AUSFRITZ.

ACH! IS THERE ANYTHING WORSE THAN THESE DREARY LITTLE MOUNTAIN TOWNS! I HOPE WE WON'T BE HERE LONG!

WE WON'T! UNCLE WILL SAY NO VERY QUICKLY AND THEN WE CAN LEAVE! COME, WE'D BETTER FIND SOMEONE TO DIRECT US TO HIS HOUSE!



THE NAME OF JOSEF FREDERICK WAS HIGHLY RESPECTED IN AUSFRITZ AND HIS NEPHEW HAD LITTLE TROUBLE IN LEARNING WHERE THE OLD MAN LIVED...

OH, YES I KNOW THE OLD GENTLEMAN! A FINE MAN... LIVES UP THERE! RIGHT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!

ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN? GOOD LORD! WHERE CAN WE GET A TAXI?



YOU WON'T GET ONE TONIGHT! PEOPLE IN AUSFRITZ DO NOT LEAVE THE CITY AFTER THE SUN SETS... THERE ARE WEREWOLVES IN THE VICINITY!

WEREWOLVES!

HOW RIDICULOUS!

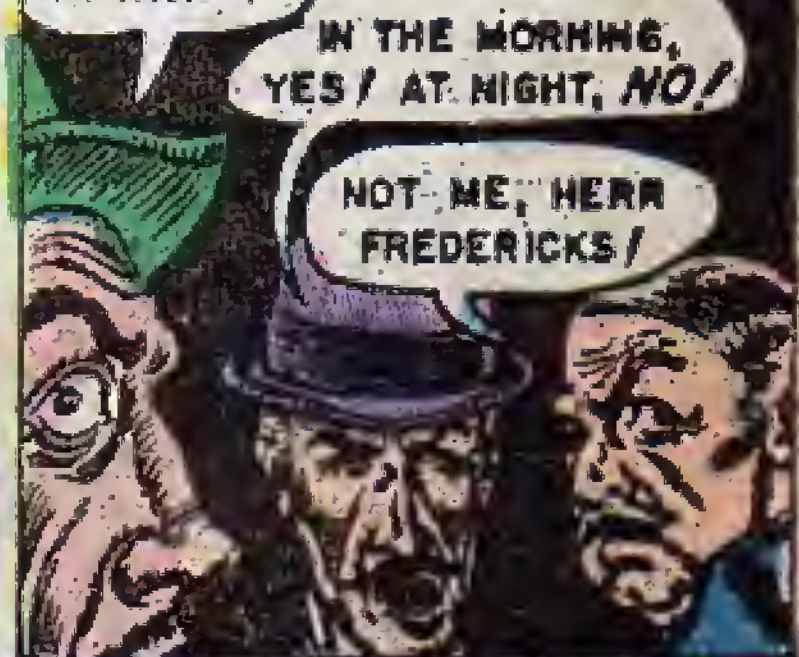


BUT RIDICULOUS OR NOT RIDICULOUS, THE FREDERICKS HAD TO SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE TOWN'S ONLY INN... NO ONE WOULD TAKE THEM UP TO THE MOUNTAIN...

NO, SIR, SORRY! YOU COULDN'T PAY ME ENOUGH TO GO UP THERE AT NIGHT!

IN THE MORNING, YES! AT NIGHT, NO!

NOT ME, HERR FREDERICKS!



NOT UNTIL NOON OF THE NEXT DAY DID THEY FINALLY MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH.

SHOULD BE THERE WITHIN A HOUR. I IMAGINE YOUR UNCLE WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, HERR FREDERICKS! HE'S A LONELY MAN SINCE YOUR AUNT DIED!

I DIDN'T KNOW HE'D MARRIED. YOU SEE I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN... SAY, WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT UP AHEAD?



THE OLD CART JOGGED TO A BUMPY HALT IN FRONT OF A SMALL CLUSTER OF GRIM-FACED MEN.

ACH, YES, ANOTHER ONE! TORN TO SHREDS! POOR DEVIL, HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!



HANS AND HILDA JOINED THE MEN AND PEERED DOWN AT THE REMAINS OF WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN... HE WAS HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE AS A HUMAN BEING, HIS FLESH WAS IN RIBBONS, HIS EYES GLAZED WITH UNTOLD HORROR...

GOOD GOD, (GAG) LOOK AT HIM!

IT'S THE WORK OF WEREWOLVES, ALL RIGHT! NO DOUBT OF IT!



BUT EVEN THE SIGHT OF THE HIDEOUS CORPSE DID NOT DEPRESS THE FREDERICKS FOR LONG... MONEY WAS THEIR GOAL AND NOTHING, DEAD OR ALIVE, WAS GOING TO STAND IN THEIR WAY...

THIS IS IT, HERR FREDERICK!

FINE!

FINE, INDEED! WONDERFUL! LET US FORGET THE STUPID WEREWOLF LEGEND AND GET TO WORK, HANS!



JOSEF FREDERICK WELCOMED HIS NEPHEW AND NIECE WITH OBVIOUS PLEASURE... THE DRIVER HAD BEEN RIGHT, THE OLD MAN *WAS* LONELY.

I HAVE THOUGHT OF YOU *OFTEN*, HANS, BUT I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD HAVE *NO TIME* FOR A SICK OLD MAN!

NO TIME FOR YOU, UNCLE? HOW *WRONG* YOU ARE!



OH, YES, THE UNSCRUPULOUS PAIR POURED IT ON... POURED IT ON THICK...

HANS HAS ALWAYS TOLD ME YOU WERE HIS *FAVORITE* RELATIVE, *UNCLE* JOSEF! I HOPE YOU DON'T *MIND* MY CALLING YOU "UNCLE"!

HOW *COULD* I MIND, SWEET HILDA? YOU AND HANS HAVE MADE ME FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER ALREADY!



THEY WAITED A WEEK... AND THEN HANS MADE HIS PLEA FOR MONEY...

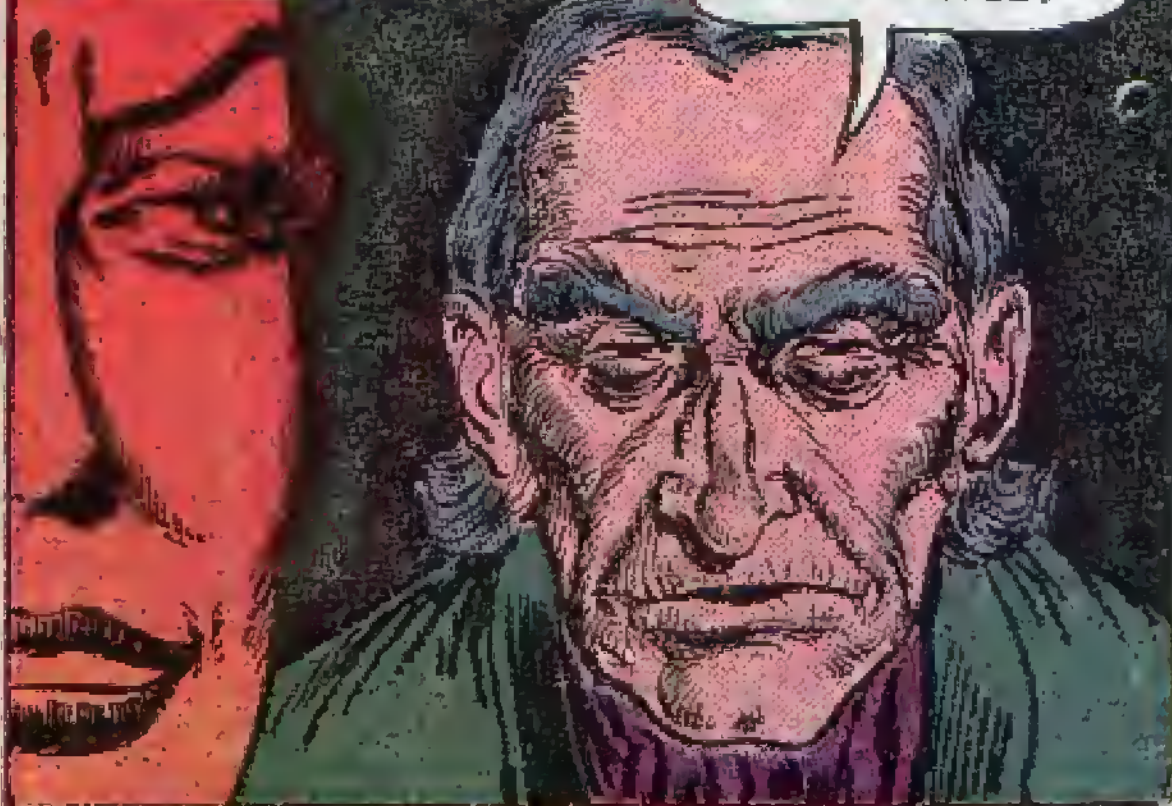
...AND I *HATED* TO ASK YOU, UNCLE JOSEF, BUT TIMES IN BERLIN ARE HARD! NO JOBS, NO CREDIT! HILDA AND I ARE *DESPERATE*!

YES, UNCLE, *DESPERATE*!



THEY HELD THEIR BREATH AS THE OLD MAN SAT QUIETLY FOR FULLY FIVE MINUTES... AND THEN HE SPOKE...

NO, HANS, I'LL *NOT* GIVE YOU MONEY... *NOW*! BUT, IF YOU AND HILDA WILL LIVE HERE UNTIL I DIE, I'LL MAKE YOU THE *BENEFICIARIES* OF MY WILL!

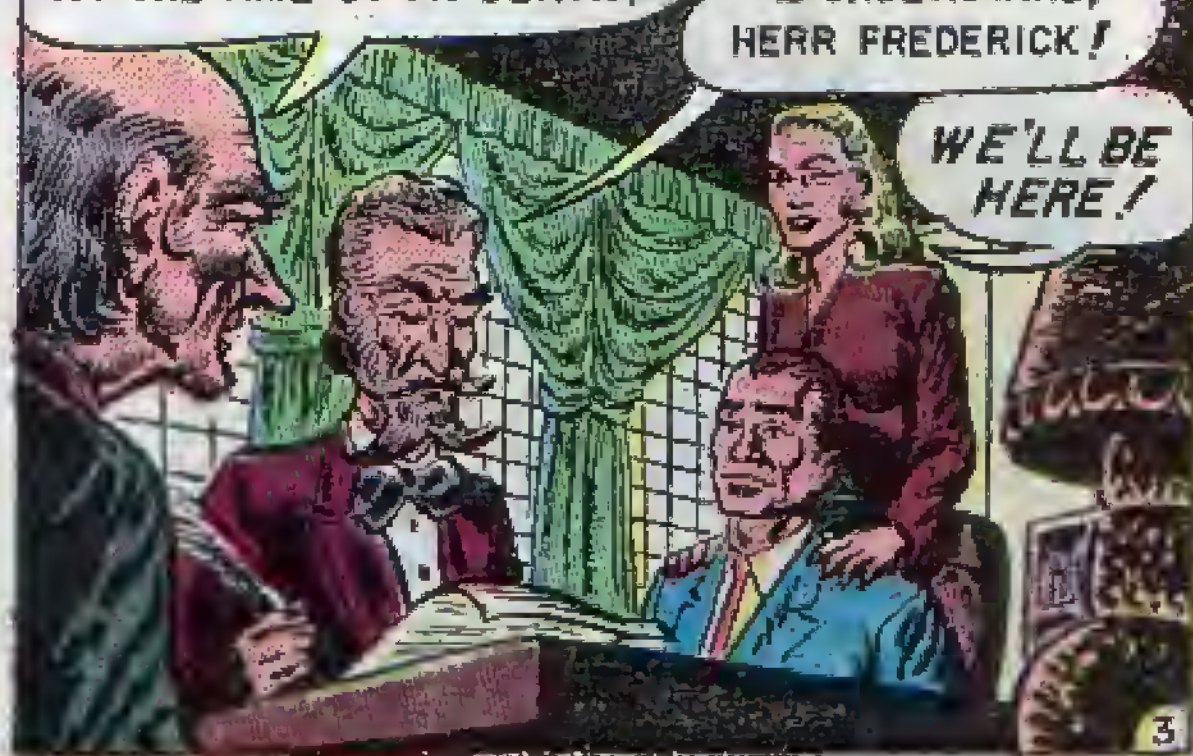


TWO DAYS LATER JOSEF FREDERICK'S LAWYER DREW UP A NEW WILL... A WILL LEAVING HIS NEPHEW HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE *IF* BUT ONE CONDITION WAS CARRIED OUT...

YOU'RE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND, HERR KESSLER? THE DOCUMENT IS TO BE VALID *ONLY* IF HANS AND HIS WIFE ARE STILL RESIDING HERE AT THE TIME OF MY DEATH!

I UNDERSTAND, HERR FREDERICK!

WE'LL BE HERE!



FOR A YEAR ALL WENT WELL, EACH MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD WAS WELL-PLEASED WITH THE ARRANGEMENT. IT WAS HILDA WHO FIRST GREW DISCONTENTED...

I TELL YOU I'M **BORED**, HANS! **BORED TO DEATH!**

YOU MUST TRY TO BE **PATIENT**, HILDA! WE **CAN'T LEAVE NOW!**



PATIENT... **PATIENT!** I'M **SICK** OF BEING PATIENT! WHY DOESN'T HE **DIE**? AT THE RATE HE'S GOING, HE'LL LIVE TO BE A **HUNDRED!**

SSSSSH, HE'LL HEAR YOU/ TRY TO KEEP HOLD OF YOURSELF! HE'S **BOUND** TO DIE SOON!



ACH! WHAT A **FOOL** I MARRIED! I HAVE TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING! I DON'T **INTEND** TO WAIT UNTIL DEAR UNCLE JOSEF **FINALLY** GETS AROUND TO DYING... I WANT TO **KILL** HIM, YOU STUPID IDIOT!

K-KILL HIM??



YES, **KILL** HIM...AND I'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT! WE'RE GOING TO **POISON** HIM! STOP LOOKING SO WORRIED AND LISTEN TO ME...

I'LL LISTEN, BUT I MAKE NO PROMISES, HILDA! THEY HANG **MURDERERS!** I HAVE NO DESIRE TO DIE!

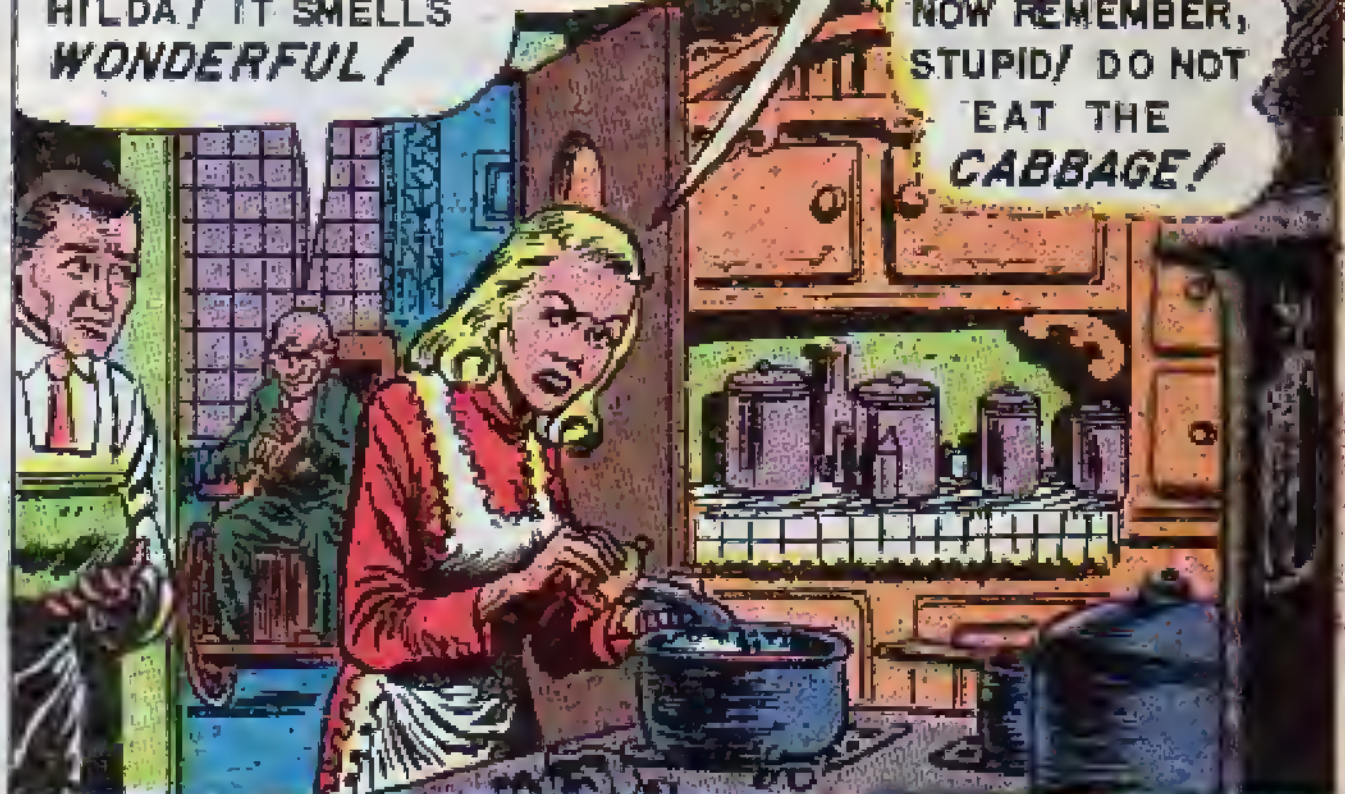


BUT AS ALWAYS, HANS WAS NO MATCH FOR HIS WIFE'S NAGGING... ON THE SERVANTS' DAY OFF HILDA GOT HER PLAN INTO ACTION...

THAT MUST BE SOMETHING **SPECIAL** YOU'RE COOKING, HILDA! IT SMELLS **WONDERFUL!**

IT **IS** SOMETHING SPECIAL, UNCLE!

NOW REMEMBER, STUPID! DO NOT EAT THE **CABBAGE!**

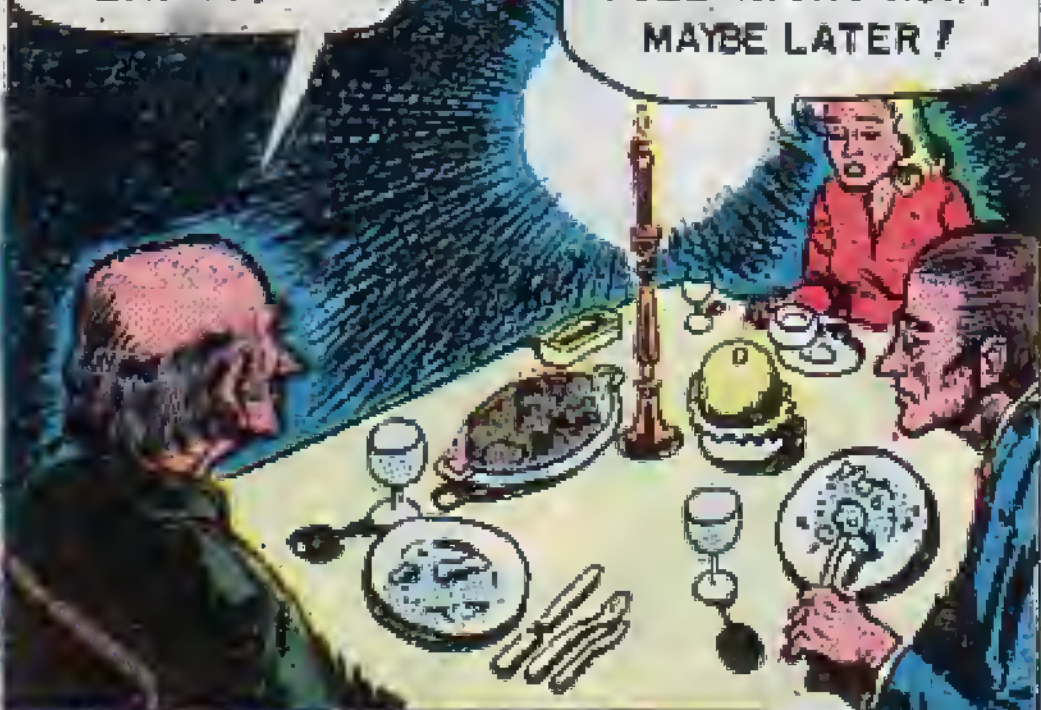


POOR HILDA, SHE'D TAKEN EVERYTHING INTO CONSIDERATION... EXCEPT THAT UNCLE JOSEF DIDN'T LIKE CABBAGE!

DELICIOUS STEW...

DELICIOUS! NO, THANK YOU, MY DEAR, **NEVER** EAT CABBAGE... **BAD** FOR MY GOUT! **VERY BAD!** BUT GO AHEAD, YOU TWO YOUNG PEOPLE EAT IT!

ER... I-I'M FULL RIGHT NOW! MAYBE LATER!



BUT WOMEN LIKE HILDA ARE NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED... AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL CONSTABLE, SHE DECIDED ON A NEW SCHEME...

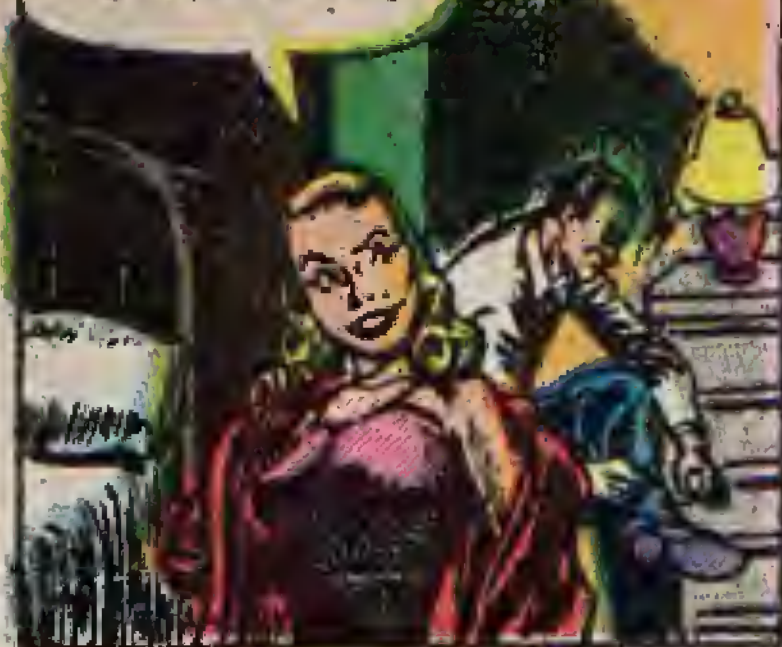
JUST THOUGHT I'D BETTER **WARN** YOU, MR. FREDERICK. THE **WERE-WOLF'S** AT IT AGAIN! WE FOUND A **BODY** NOT A MILE FROM HERE **THIS MORNING!**

THANK YOU, CONSTABLE! **FORTUNATELY**, I HAVE MY NEPHEW HERE TO **PROTECT** ME!



IT WAS THAT NIGHT WHEN HILDA TOLD THE RELUCTANT HANS OF THE NEW PLAN...

DON'T YOU SEE, HANS, IT'S **PERFECT!** THESE STUPID PEOPLE BELIEVE IN **WEREWOLVES**... ALL RIGHT, WE'LL MAKE **MINGEMEAT** OUT OF UNCLE JOSEF AND BLAME IT ON THE WEREWOLF!



FOR ONCE, HANS DIDN'T ARGUE. HE TOO DISCOUNTED THE TOWNS-PEOPLE'S BELIEF IN WEREWOLVES... BUT HE REALIZED THAT THEY WOULD NEVER QUESTION JOSEF'S DEATH IF IT WERE ATTRIBUTED TO THE LEGENDARY BEAST...

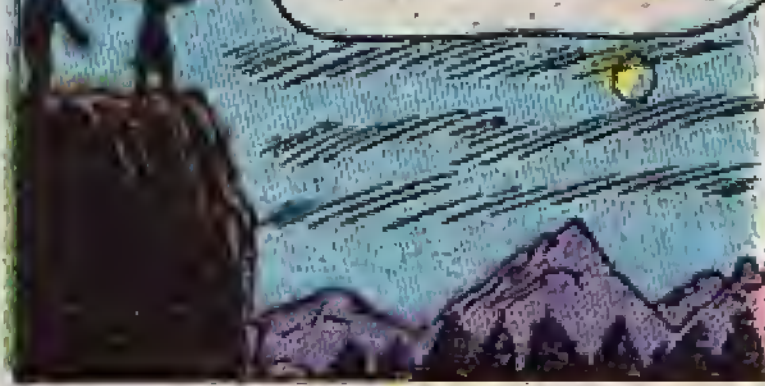
YOU'RE RIGHT, HILDA! THEY'D BE TOO FRIGHTENED TO SUSPECT ANYTHING! BUT WE'D BETTER DO IT **SOON**... SUPPOSEDLY THE WEREWOLF NEVER STRIKES UNLESS THERE'S A **FULL MOON!**



AGAIN A MURDER PLAN WAS CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT... AND THIS TIME THERE WOULD BE NO ERRORS.

ALL THAT WE HAVE TO DO IS GET HIM OUT HERE, SHOVE THE WHEEL-CHAIR OVER THE CLIFF AND WE'RE SET!

YES, EXCEPT FOR THE **HATCHET** JOB ON HIS SKIN! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT, HANS... AND MAKE SURE TO TEAR HIM TO **RIBBONS!** REMEMBER HOW THAT BODY LOOKED WE SAW ON THE ROAD!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS BEHIND ALL THIS WEREWOLF FRIGHT, HILDA? AFTER ALL, THAT BODY **WASN'T** FANTASY... IT WAS **REAL!**

OF COURSE, IT WAS REAL! THE POOR MAN PROBABLY MET UP WITH A WOLF... **JUST A PLAIN ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL-WOLF!**



EVERYTHING WAS SET FOR THAT NIGHT... AND WHEN JOSEF FREDERICK AND HIS "DEVOTED" NEICE AND NEPHEW FINISHED THEIR EVENING MEAL...

LOVELY MOON, ISN'T IT, CHILDREN? NOTHING SO PRETTY AS A FULL MOON!

YES, UNCLE!

HAVE THE SERVANTS GONE TO BED?

YES, BUT WAIT TEN MINUTES JUST TO BE SAFE!



THE TEN MINUTES SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY TO THE EAGER MURDERERS... BUT FINALLY THE TIME PASSED...

WOULD YOU CHILDREN LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE STROLL WITH AN OLD MAN?

WHY, THAT'S A **FINE** IDEA, UNCLE... IN FACT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SUGGEST IT **MYSELF!**



FATE SEEMED TO BE SMILING AT HANS AND HILDA... JOSEF DIRECTED HIS WHEELCHAIR TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF WITHOUT ANY URGING FROM THEM...

MAGNIFICENT VIEW! I NEVER TIRE OF LOOKING AT IT!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, UNCLE... **BECAUSE YOU ARE GOING TO DIE** LOOKING AT IT!



BUT HANS' WORDS SEEMED TO HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE OLD MAN... HIS MILD BROWN EYES SHOWED NO EMOTION AS THEY PEERED QUIZICALLY AT HIS NEPHEW...

BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DIE, MY BOY?

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU OLD GOAT! WE'RE SICK OF WAITING FOR THAT MONEY!



BUT EVEN AS HANS RUSHED FORWARD, READY TO PUSH THE WHEELCHAIR OFF THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, JOSEF FREDERICK REMAINED CALM AND UNANGERED... HE SEEMED SAD RATHER THAN AFRAID...

TCH, TCH, TCH, HANS, YOU SILLY LITTLE FOOL! YOU CAN'T KILL ME!

OH, NO! JUST WATCH HIM, UNCLE! JUST WATCH HIM!



ONE VIOLENT THRUST SENT THE WHEELCHAIR CAREENING OVER THE CLIFF... BUT JOSEF WAS NOT IN THE CHAIR...

BUT... BUT YOU CAN WALK!

YES, HILDA, I CAN WALK! MY, MY, YOU CHILDREN MAKE IT SO DIFFICULT! I'D GROWN RATHER FOND OF YOU!



FOR AN INSTANT HANS WAS TOO STUPIFIED TO MOVE... BUT THEN HE REGAINED HIS SENSES, OR AT LEAST, HE THOUGHT HE REGAINED THEM...

ALL RIGHT, SO YOU CAN WALK... SO WHAT... I'LL STILL KILL YOU!

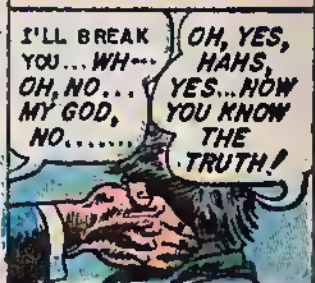
BUT, HANS, DEAR BOY, I TOLD YOU BEFORE... YOU CAN'T KILL ME!



HANS TOOK HIS UNCLE'S NECK IN HIS HANDS AND STARTED TO SQUEEZE... BUT INSTEAD OF THE SCRAWNY NECK HE'D EXPECTED, IT WAS A STRONG NECK... A MUSCULAR NECK... A NECK FILLED WITH HAIR... AND WHEN HE PEERED DOWN AT HIS UNCLE'S FACE...

I'LL BREAK YOU... WH... OH, NO... MY GOD, NO...

OH, YES, HANS, YES... HOW YOU KNOW THE TRUTH!



HANS AND HILDA TURN TO FLEE... BUT IT IS TOO LATE... NO ONE ESCAPES THE GRASP OF A WEREWOLF!!

HAHAHAHA!

YAHAAHHHHHHH!



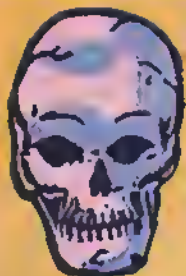
POOR HILDA AND HANS... THE CONSTABLE FOUND THEIR BODIES... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEIR BODIES... ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING. IT WAS VERY SAD... WHEN UNCLE JOSEF HEARD THE NEWS HE CRIED...

I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL, HERR FREDERICK... BUT IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I GUARANTEE THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL GET THAT BEAST... AND WHEN WE DO...

YES (SNIFF) YOU MUST GET HIM, CONSTABLE!



THE END



TERROR IN THE STARS

By ELLEN LYNN

THE men in our observatory called us the "three musketeers." Karl Manley, Russ Fenway and I had been buddies since boyhood—but the bond between Karl and me was especially close. We had always been interested in the same things, and as we grew older our interest in astronomy became an enthusiasm. I was even in love with the same girl, Lucy Tremont, but I knew she loved Karl — and I kept my frustrated emotions to myself.

Our new research laboratory was in the middle west, Lucy lived in the East. Often I would hear the low-voiced love-making of Karl as he spoke to her over the telephone. Although he was a scientist—perhaps because of it—Karl had the soul of a poet and the sentiments of love he expressed to Lucy (which I couldn't help overhearing, since I was usually seated right next to him) were worthy of a Browning.

The hardest thing for Karl and Lucy was their separation—he in the west, she in the east. "I can't stand her being so far away from me," Karl once blurted out after one of his long-distance phone calls. "It's getting so I can hardly concentrate on my work. And Lucy is unhappy, too. We've decided to get married after this next field trip; she'll have to give up her job and come to live here."

By a lucky chance, Karl, Russ and I had been assigned together to a field trip to our new laboratory on the top of Mt. Crenshaw. The largest, newest, most powerful telescope in the world, based on nuclear theories had been recently completed there and we were to spend a month observing the heavens and writing papers on our findings. Russ rushed over to the both of us and boyishly placed an arm around each of our shoulders, bent over our desks. "We're going together, boys," he exclaimed happily. "That's really a break for us! We'll explore the heavens—for beyond what men have seen before. It's our big chance."

I grinned up at Russ, just as pleased as he was that the three of us were to be together on the job. But Karl seemed not to have heard. The pencil in his fingers was not writing, his eyes had a far-away look. Russ, in his jovial way, slapped Karl on the back. "Brace up, fella, Lucy'll be

waiting for you—and you'll be back in four weeks." Without answering, Karl had gone to the telephone to speak to Lucy in the East.

The day before our departure, Karl had a wonderful surprise: Lucy had come out, just to say good-bye. The pang I felt at seeing the two dreamy-eyed lovers fall into each other's arms was equalled by the relief that at last Karl could ease up in his tension. The visit from Lucy was just what he needed, so that he could once again put his brilliant mind to work.

I drove Karl and Lucy to the airport to catch her plane back East. As though I weren't even there, they spoke endearing words of farewell before she got into the plane. "Really, kids," I tried to jest, "this isn't the last goodbye—only four weeks and you two will never be parted again. Remember?"

Lucy stared intently into Karl's eyes, and remained silent a moment. Then she said, rather solemnly, "You are right, Steve, Karl and I will never be parted. I swear it. No matter what happens, he and I will always be together."

"Spoken like a true lover," I declared, trying to break the spell of seriousness that had been cast.

Karl insisted on our waiting at the airfield till the plane disappeared like a bird into the heavens.

Back at the lab we put the finishing touches to our packing, and Russ's gay spirits somewhat lifted the cloud of gloom that had previously settled over Karl. He actually smiled a few times and by the time we started on our trip he was as good as his old self. He was even able to speak of Lucy without going into a spell. "Come to think of it," he said with a grin, "we'll be so busy the next few weeks, time ought to fly—and then Lucy and I will be married. I've been in a terrible mood lately, boys. It's been rough on you, I know, trying to get me to do my share of the work. But it'll all be different once Lucy and I are together for good."

Russ and I sighed with relief. It was good to have Karl act like a normal human being again. And when we reached the isolated hilltop where the marvelous telescope was situated he set to his observations and notes with renewed enthusiasm.

and zest—perhaps even greater than the zeal Russ and I felt. The three of us looked through the powerful lens and felt an awesome thrill at the panorama of heavenly bodies sparkling brilliantly in the infinite space beyond. Karl worked tirelessly, long through the night—even after Russ and I had retired. For we were able to see far beyond the distances men's sight had travelled before.

One night I stirred uneasily in my sleep and woke up. I looked at the clock: it was three in the morning. Then I was startled by the sight of Karl standing in my room in the dim shadows. What on earth is he doing in here? I thought. Could he be walking in his sleep? His eyes were opened and he was staring at me with a strange expression. Then he whispered: "Steve—Steve—are you awake? I—I must talk to you."

I sat bolt upright. "What is it, Karl?" I asked, considerably disturbed by this apparition in the wee hours of the morning. "Is anything wrong?"

He came close to my bedside and I put on the lamp. His face looked ghastly and I was filled with a foreboding. Had he been working too hard? Was he suffering more from his seporation from Lucy than we had realized?

Finally he spoke, in a queer voice. "Karl—I've seen Lucy! Now—don't say I'm mad! I've checked and double-checked."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted. "Is she here? Checked what?"

"I have been experimenting with the new mirror we developed and it's unbelievable. Then a few nights ago, Saturday, at 11:30 I saw her for the first time. It was so vague, I wasn't sure. I thought I was just imagining it. Last night I looked again—and there she was, plainly. My new nuclear sights were trained on Saturn. There she was—beckoning me. She wants me to come to her. She was beyond, even the stars."

I was flabbergasted. I didn't know how to handle this situation. My dear friend, my close buddy, had become deranged. Of that I was convinced. I did the best I could to reassure him, to humor him. "Tomorrow we'll telephone Lucy. That should ease your mind, Karl."

"No, no! I mustn't keep her waiting. She insists I join her at once," he declared.

"Well, got some sleep, Karl," I advised him. "And if you must, you can return after breakfast."

He left my room and I tried, not too successfully, to go back to sleep. A half hour later I was beginning to doze off when a sound outside made me leap from my bed and rush to the window. There was Karl, a knapsack on his shoulders, setting out to climb to the utmost peak of Mt. Cranshaw. I yelled after him. Russ came dash-

ing in and together we called to Karl, but he continued his rapid ascent without looking back. We stood there helplessly watching. Knowing Karl, we both realized it would be useless to try to stop him, even if we could possibly reach him at the pace he was going.

"But what is he after?" Russ asked in bewilderment.

I told him the incident in my room and of Karl's hallucination that he saw Lucy beckoning him to come to her into space. In spite of our anxiety, I understood Russ's outburst of laughter. It was a nervous reaction, true, but it was also ludicrous to think of Karl marching off into space to find his lady-love.

There was no more sleep for either of us. We dressed and kept our eyes on the figure of Karl gradually growing smaller as he mounted higher and higher toward the peak hidden in clouds. Then, when our naked eyes could no longer see more than a dot we each picked up small telescopes and continued to follow our friend's fantastic climb.

Just before Karl disappeared into the mists, he turned around and we saw his face clearly in the lens. He was smiling joyously, and raised an arm to wave a friendly farewell. Somehow, this gesture depressed us and we gave up our vigil. That was the last we ever saw of Karl. He had gone, he said, to join his Lucy in space. How were we going to break the awful news to the real Lucy who would be waiting, waiting for Karl's return—expecting to be married the next day!

When we knew for certain that we saw the end of Karl, we returned to our headquarters. A telegram was waiting for him. We decided to open it. The message stunned us both. It was from Lucy's father. It read:

Mr. Karl Manley
Baldwin Observatory
Mt. Cranshaw

Shocking news. Just learned Lucy killed
in accident Saturday 11:30 P.M.

Benjamin Trall.

"Saturday—11:30!" I exclaimed involuntarily. That was the exact date and time Karl first saw the vision of Lucy through the new nuclear telescope! They had sworn never to be apart. He had gone to join her! Can we believe that? We are scientists.

But what do you believe?

THE END

II AM A COFFIN. AN EMPTY BARREH COFFIN! ON, IT ISN'T. THAT I'M NOT A GOOD COFFIH. . . .
 I AM! MY BODY IS MADE OF THE FINEST MAHOGONY AND MY HINGES ARE STRONG SHINY BRASS.
 I'M EMPTY BECAUSE NO BODY WANTS ME. . . YET! I SIT HOPEFULLY EVERY OAY, WAITING. . .
 WAITING FOR DEATH! THIS IS MY STORY: A TALE OF

the COFFIN



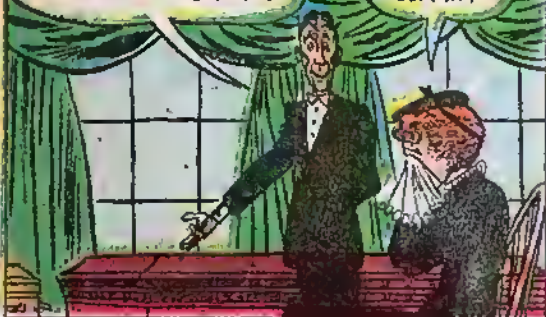
L-LESTER, NO! FOR
 GOD'S SAKE, NO! KEEP
 THE MONEY... I-I DON'T
 WANT IT, BUT DON'T...
 DON'T KILL ME!

IT'S TOO LATE,
 DOC! YER GONNA
 DIE... NOW!

MY HOME IS IN THE BACK OF LESTER PETERS' MORTUARY. HERE, ALONG WITH A DOZEN OTHER COFFINS, I WAIT EAGERLY FOR THE DAY WHEN A BEREAVED RELATIVE WILL SELECT ME AS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE BELOVED CORPSE...

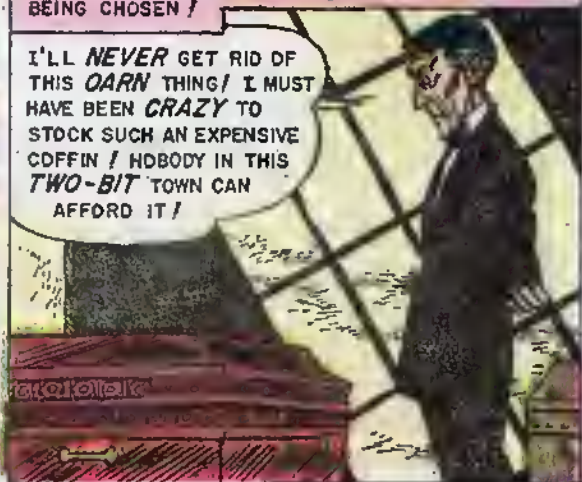
I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT, MRS. HARVEY, BUT YOU MUST SELECT A COFFIN FOR MR. HARVEY! THIS IS A FINE ONE... SOLID MAHOGONY, BRASS HARDWARE AND...

NO, (SOB)
 HENRY (SOB)
 LIKED PINE!
 I WANT A
 (SOB) PINE
 COFFIN!



FOR AN INSTANT I THOUGHT MY TIME HAD COME... BUT, NO, THE WOMAN WANTED PINE. THIS IS ALWAYS THE WAY. EITHER I'M TOO EXPENSIVE OR THE BODY IS CREMATED OR THEY WANT ANOTHER KIND OF WOOD. SOMETIMES I DESPAIR OF EVER BEING CHOSEN!

I'LL NEVER GET RID OF THIS OARN THING! I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO STOCK SUCH AN EXPENSIVE COFFIN! NOBODY IN THIS TWO-BIT TOWN CAN AFFORD IT!



THE KINDLY FACE LESTER PETERS PRESENTS TO HIS PATRONS IS A FARGE. NOT ONLY IS LESTER CALCULATING AND MERCENARY, BUT HE IS ALSO A MURDERER...

HURRY UP, LES. I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO SEE ME COMIN' IN HERE!

TAKE IT EASY, OOO! THERE AINT NOTHIN' STRANGE 'ABOUT A DOCTOR COMING TO TO SEE A MORTICIAN/ YER GETTING NERVOUS, AMOS!



BUT DR. AMOS GRADDOCK HAS GOOD REASON TO BE NERVOUS... HE TOO IS A MURDERER/ HE AND LESTER ARE PARTNERS IN A LITTLE GAME OF DEATH!

I SEE THAT HARVEY WENT OFF JEST LIKE WE PLANNED. I KNEW THE OLD MAN'S HEART COULDN'T STAND THE SHOCK OF AN OPERATION/ WHAT'LL WE MAKE ON THE FUNERAL?



PRACTICALLY NOTHING! OLD LADY HARVEY BAWLED HER EYES OUT... BUT SHE WATCHED EVERY DIME LIKE A HAWK! THE WHOLE THING AIN'T GOIN' TO BE WORTH MORE'N SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS APIECE!



IT'S A SWEET LITTLE SET-UP, ISN'T IT? THE LOCAL DOCTOR AND THE LOCAL MORTICIAN WORKING HAND-IN-GLOVE TO KILL OFF PEEPLE AND SPLIT THE PROFIT ON THE FUNERAL...

YOU'VE GOT TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, LES! THIS BUSINESS IS TOO RISKY TO SETTLE FOR PEANUTS!

DON'T BLAME ME, AMOS! IT AIN'T MY FAULT THAT NOBODY IN THIS TOWN HAS ANY MONEY!



YER WRONG THERE, LES... THERE IS ONE FAMILY THAT HAS MONEY... THE KNOLLS... AND OLD MAN KNOLL IS SICK RIGHT NOW!

YUN MEAN...



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! HE'LL BE DEAD WITHIN A WEEK!

HOT DOG! I GOT JEST THE COFFIN FER HIM! IT'LL BE A BANG-UP FUNERAL... WORTH AT LEAST \$1000!



I KNOW HE MEANS ME! I'M THE COFFIN HE'S TALKING ABOUT! I CAN FEEL A TREMBLE INSIDE OF ME, A TENSENESS, AN EXCITEMENT! AT LAST, I'M TO HAVE A CORPSE OF MY VERY OWN...

HA! I CAN SDAK THE KNOLLS OVER \$700 FOR THIS WHITE ELEPHANT ALONE!



IT IS FIVE DAYS LATER NOW AND MY INSIDES OUIVER WITH JOY AS I HEAR LESTER ON THE PHONE

... OF COURSE, MRS. KNOLL, I'LL BE OVER IMMEDIATELY! YOU HAVE MY DEEPEST SYMPATHY!



HE DONS HIS BLACK SUIT AND HASTILY DRIVES OFF IN THE HEARSE. IT SEEMS LIKE HE'S GONE AN EYERHITY... I WAIT, BREATHLESS WITH ANTICIPATION... IT'S JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES NOW... JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES UNTIL MINE IS HERE...



HE'S INSIDE NOW, INSIDE AND ON THE EMBALMING TABLE. WHEN LESTER GETS FINISHED WITH HIM, I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY HUNGRY BOSOM, CARESS HIM... THE ENDLESS YEARS OF LONLINESS ARE ALMOST OVER...

WHAT A PERFECT SET-UP! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH OLD MAN KNOLL EVEN AN AUTOPSY WOULDN'T SHOW DOC'S POISON!



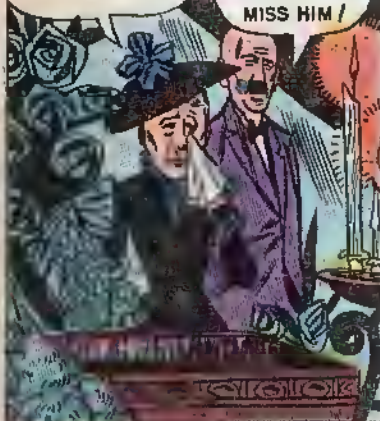
IT'S OVER AND LESTER HAS LAID THE BODY OF ALFRED HAMILTON KNOLL INSIDE OF ME. HIS OLO BONES REST AGAINST MY QUILTED PADDING AND I FEEL LIKE A MOTHER, WHO'S HOLOING HER CHILD FOR THE FIRST TIME



I DON'T CARE THAT HE'S BEEH MURDEREO, KILLED IN COLD BLOOD ...HE'S MINE AND I LOVE HIM. DURING THE NEXT TWO DAYS I LIVE IN AN ECSTASY OF DELIGHT AS TEARFUL MOURNERS PASS BEFORE ME, PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO MY CHARGE.

HE (SOB) WAS A GOOD MAN!

THE WHOLE TOWN WILL MISS HIM!



IT IS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL NOW. LESTER IS PREPARING TO PUT ME IN THE HEARSE WHEN AMOS CRADDOCK SURREPTITIOUSLY ENTERS THE REAR DOOR...

FOR PETE'S SAKE, STOP SKULKING AROUND, AMOS! THERE AIN'T NOBODY HERE... EXCEPT

OLD MAN KNOLL! HANA!

I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR, LESTER! I QUIT... I'M FINISHED! THIS IS THE LAST JOB!



WHAT ARE YDN TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT'S WRONG?

NUTHIN'S WRONG... I JEST CAN'T KEEP THIS UP!

IT'S MAKIN' ME TOO NERVOUS. I DON'T SLEEP NIGHTS! OLD MAN KNOLL SHOULDN'T HAVE OIED... THERE WEREN'T NUTHIN' WRONG WITH HIM 'CEPT INDIGESTION!



AS AMOS SPEAKS I FEEL A STIRRING WITHIN MY BOSOM, AN ANGRY RESTLESS FLUTTERING...

YER YELLOW, AMOS! JEST PLAIN YELLOW!

MAYBE I AM... BUT I'M SICK OF BEING A MURDERER! AFTER I COLLECT MY SHARE OF THE KNOLL MONEY, YOU AND ME ARE THROUGH!



AMOS LEAVES... AND INSIDE THE EMBALMING ROOM TWO MEN MUTTER ANGRILY TO THEMSELVES. ONE OF THE MEN IS ALIVE

DIRTY COWARD! WITHOUT HIM, I'M SUNK! AT LEAST IF I DON'T HAVE TO SPLIT ON THE KNOLL JOB IT WOULDN'T BE TOO BAD... SAY, MAYBE...



BUT THE OTHER MAN IS DEAD...

THEY... KILLED... ME! THEY... KILLED... ME!



I TRY TO COMFORT MY CORPSE... BUT HE WON'T LISTEN. IT IS THE NEXT DAY NOW, THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

ASHES TO ASHES... DUST UNTO DUST...



THE MOURNERS LEAVE AND I SETTLE COMFORTABLY INTO MY NEW EARTH HOME... BUT I AM NOT HAPPY... ALFRED KNOLL WHISPERS HIS HATRED INTO MY WOODEN SIDES AND I WORRY...

MURDERERS... MURDERERS... THEY... KILLED... ME...



IT IS NIGHT... AND THE RESTLESSNESS WITHIN THE DEAD MAN HAS GROWN AND GROWN. I AM AFRAID, AFRAID I WILL LOSE MY PRECIOUS CHARGE. AS I HEAR FOOTSTEPS OVER MY HEAD I FEEL RELIEVED... PERHAPS THE FEAR OF DISCOVERY WILL KEEP THE BODY WITHIN ME AT PEACE.

AMOS'LL BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES... BETTER GET THIS LITTLE OLE AXE OUTTA THE WAY!



I STIFFEN WITH SHOCK AS I RECOGNIZE LESTER'S VOICE... WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?

HA! AND WHAT BETTER PLACE TO HIDE IT THAN BEHIND OLD MAN KNOLL'S GRAVE! DOC KILLED HIM... NOW HE CAN HELP ME KILL DOC!



AT LESTER'S WORDS MY BELOVED
CORPSE TURNS AND PUSHES,
SCRATCHING AT MY QUILTED
SIDES.



SUDDENLY EVERYTHING SEEMS
TERRIFYING TO ME... AND WORSE
YET, I CAN HEAR A NEW VOICE:
AMOS CRADDCK



LESTER? IS
THAT YOU,
LESTER?

YEAH, DOC, YUH
CAN STOP
WHISPERIN'... IT'S
ME, ALL RIGHT!

YUH GOT THE
MONEY WITH
YUH? I DON'T
LIKE BEIN' IN THIS
CEMETERY!
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS!

IT OUGHTTA
GIVE YUH THE
CREEPS, DOC...
YOU SENT
ENOUGH PEOPLE
HERE! HAHAAH!



I AIN'T IN NO MDD FOR YER
JOKES, LESTER! GIMME MY
SHARE OF THE KNOLL
FUNERAL AND LEMME
GET OUTTA HERE!

OH, YEAH, I
ALMOST FORGOT...
YOUR SHARE OF THE
MONEY. GEE, AMOS, I'M
SORRY, BUT I AIN'T
GOT IT WITH ME!



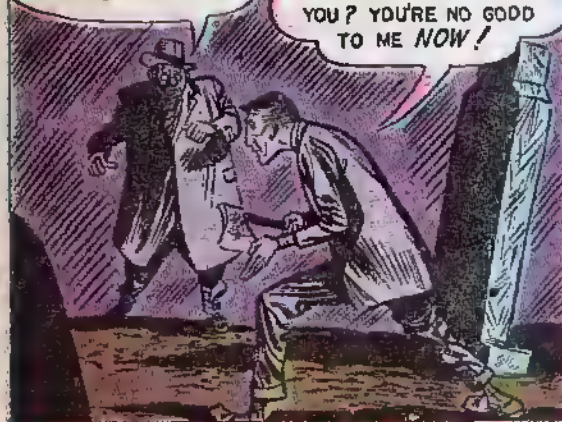
AIN'T GOT IT WITH YUH?
SEE HERE, LESTER, WHAT ARE YOU
TRYIN' TO PULL? I TOLE YOU,
I AIN'T IN NO MDD
FOR JOKES!

THIS AIN'T
NO JOKE,
DOC! NO, NOT
A JOKE AT
ALL!



YER ACTIN' MIGHTY
PECULIAR, LESTER,
AND I DON'T LIKE...
L--LESTER! WHAT...
WHAT ON EARTH...

YEAH, DOC, IT'S AN
AXE, AIN'T IT? YOU
STUPID OLD FOOL!
WHY SHOULD I SPLIT
THE KNOLL MONEY WITH
YOU? YOU'RE NO GOOD
TO ME NOW!



IN FACT, IF YOU WUZ ALIVE,
YOU MIGHT DO ME SOME HARM!
YOU TURNED CHICKEN, AMOS...
AND I'M GONNA KILL YUH!

N-NO, LESTER,
NO! KEEP
THE MONEY...
B-BUT LEAVE
ME ALONE!



FOR AN INSTANT THERE'S SILENCE AND I CAN HEAR ONLY THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... BUT THEN THERE'S A SCREAM... A HORRIBLE, BLOODCURDLING SCREAM...



AND THEN ONCE AGAIN THERE'S SILENCE... BUT BY NOW I DON'T CARE. I'VE LOST MY CHARGE... HE'S BROKEN FREE OF ME...

NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET THE BODY BURIED AND BEAT IT BEFORE ANYBODY SEE'S ME!



I'M ALONE AGAIN... DESERTED/ EVERY WOODEN PANEL OF MY BODY CRIES OUT IN PROTEST... "COME BACK/ COME BACK/" I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING ABOVE ME AT THIS VERY INSTANT...

WH...HEY! MY THROAT... YER CHOKIN' ME! STOP... STOP! HELP! HELP!



KNOLL! OLO MAN KNOLL! OH, MY GOD, NO! PLEASE! DON'T TAKE ME THERE...NO...NO...



AND NOW I CAN SMILE! I'M NOT ALONE... MY EMPTINESS IS ONCE AGAIN FILLED... AND THIS TIME IT'S EVEN BETTER! I'VE GOT TWO CORPSES INSTEAD OF ONE!

OYING, CAN'T BREATH (GASP)... HELP! NEED AIR... AIR...



THE END

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 203) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF **MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES** published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1953

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from dailies, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

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By William K. Friedman

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953 Bernard L. Wind, Notary Public, State of New York, No. 414301900. Qualified in Queens County. Certified with Queens, Bronx and New York County Clerk's and Register's Office. Commission expires March 30, 1955.

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ALL THOSE WITH **STRONG** STOMACHS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND A **PARTY** GIVEN BY THIS TERRIFYING **THREESOME** OF THIEVES. THEY HAVE **PLENTY** OF REASON TO CELEBRATE... AFTER ALL, THEY JUST HIT THE **JACKPOT** AT...

BANK *night*



AT THE END OF THE DIMLY-LIT CORRIDOR SAT A LONE FIGURE, BUSY AND UNAWARE OF THE TWO SHADOWS WHICH DETACHED THEMSELVES FROM THE OTHERS AND MOVED STEALTHILY TOWARD ONE OF THE CLOSED DOORS.



NOISELESSLY THE PROWLERS SLID INTO THE SMALL ROOM. IN THE DARK THEY GROPED TOWARD THEIR OBJECTIVE, WHICH LOOMED LARGE IN THE SPARSELY FURNISHED AREA. ONE OF THE MEN BENT OVER... THEN SWUNG OPEN THE HEAVY METAL DOOR. THERE WAS A TINY CLICK, AS THE LIGHT REVEALED THE PRECIOUS CONTENTS OF THE CABINET.



STILL UNOBSERVED, THE TWO MEN SLIPPED FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN THE HALL... BUT NOW EACH CARRIED A HEAVY BOX.



OUTSIDE THE BUILDING A CAR

YOU GOT IT, GARLING?

WAITED...

YES, BUT WE'RE GOING BACK FOR MORE. BE READY TO GO, MAGDA.



TWICE THE SINISTER PAIR RETURNED TO THE LITTLE ROOM FOR ANOTHER LOAD, BUT AS THEY CLEFT FROM THE BUILDING THE LAST TIME

WAIT! STOP, THIEVES!

THE WATCHMAN! HURRY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THE THIEVES AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL CONFEDERATE GLOATED OVER THEIR LOOT AS THEY SPED AWAY.

THAT ODDOERING OLD IDIOT DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT US. WE'RE SAFE...AND RICH!

THIS HAUL CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION. WE'LL BREAK A *BOTTLE* TONIGHT, EN, JDE? HA! HA!



BUT OLD MATT HAD DOTTEN A LOOK AT THE TRIO AND WITHIN MINUTES HE WAS TELLING HIS STORY...



ONE WAS TALL AND THIN...

ONE SHORT AND FAT... BIG, BLACK SEDAN. AND THE BLONDE WAS A REAL BEAUTY. BUT WHAT I CAN'T FIGGER...

OK, THANKS, MATT. WITH THAT DESCRIPTION WE SHOULD GET 'EM.



LIGHTS BURNED LATE IN MILLVALE THAT NIGHT, AS THE CITY OFFICIALS GOT WORD OF THE CRIME.

MEN, THIS IS A TERRIBLE THING. BUT CHIEF RAEFORD HAS THE WHOLE FORCE ON THE CASE. WE'LL HAVE THESE CROOKS BY DAYLIGHT.

WE'D BETTER, MAYOR! THAT STUFF CAN BE DANGEROUS IN THE WRONG HANDS.



POLICE HEADQUARTERS WAS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY AS REPORTERS QUESTIONED THE BUSY CHIEF RAEFORD...

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THE HAUL WAS WORTH, CHIEF?

IT'S PRICELESS, BOYS. THE COUNTY PATROL'S PUTTIN' UP A ROADBLOCK. WE INTEND TO RECOVER THE GOODS AND THOSE RATS IN TIME FOR YOUR MORNING EDITION.



BUT THE "RATS" SEEMED FAR FROM TRAPPED - AS THEIR POWERFUL CAR PURR'D DOWN THE HIGHWAY



TAKE CARE OF OUR CARGO, VLADO. IT'S GOING TO PROVIDE US WITH EASY LIVING FOR A LONG TIME.

JOE, DARLING, THIS PLAN WAS SHEER GENIUS / I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!



LET'S STOP A MINUTE. I JUST WANT TO LOOK AT IT.

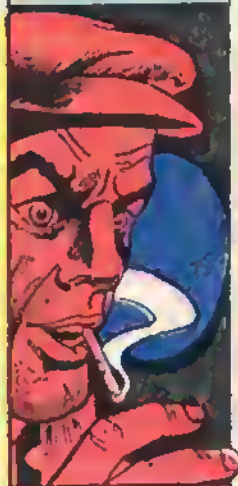
PATIENCE, BELOVED! YOU CAN FEAST YOUR EYES WHEN WE GET TO OUR LITTLE HIDEAWAY. WATCH FOR THE SIDE ROAD, VLADO.



ON THE STEPS OF THE "OWL-NITE DINER" A TRUCK DRIVER LIT A CIGARETTE AND IDLY NOTED A BIG BLACK SEDAN WHICH HAD SLOWED TO LET A TRAILER-TRUCK PULL OUT IN FRONT OF IT.



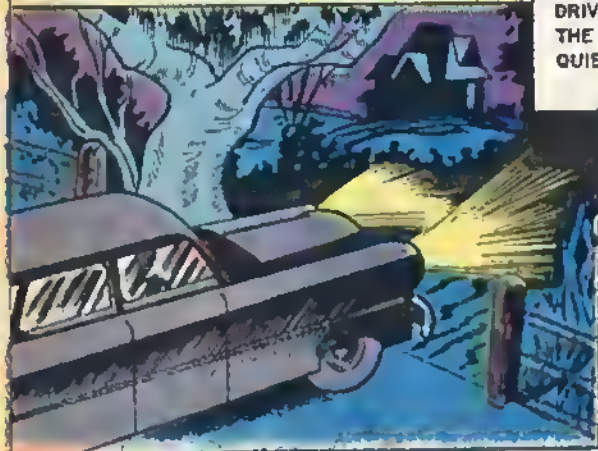
THEN, AS THE CAR PULLED AROUND THE TRUCK AND HISSED AWAY, HIS JAW DROPPED.



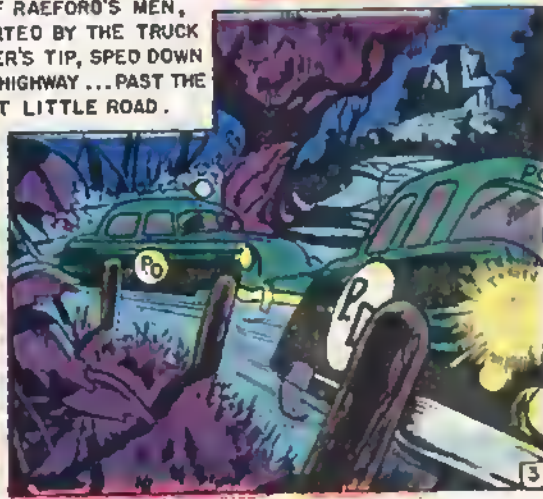
THE THIEVES... THAT RADIO ALARM... THEY JUST PASSED... PHONE, WHERE'S THE PHONE?



A FEW MILES BEYOND THE DINER THE CAR SLOWED AGAIN-- THIS TIME TO TURN DOWN A NARROW, TREE-LINED SIDE ROAD.



... AND MINUTES LATER, CHIEF RAEFORD'S MEN, ALERTED BY THE TRUCK DRIVER'S TIP, SPED DOWN THE HIGHWAY... PAST THE QUIET LITTLE ROAD.

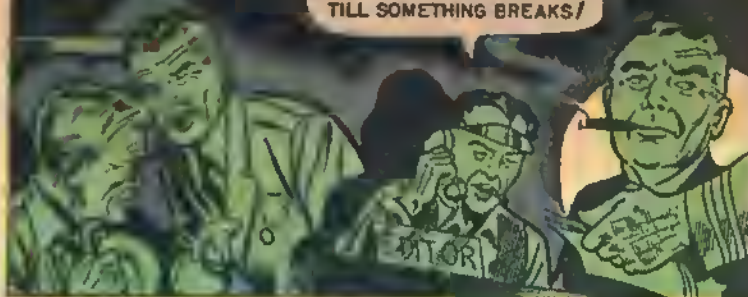


MEANWHILE, IN MILLVALE, THE OFFICIALS GREW MORE AND MORE CONCERNED.

ARE YOU *SURE* OF THOSE DESCRIPTIONS, MATT?

I DON'T CARE *HOW* TIRED YOU ARE/ STAY AT THE STATION TILL SOMETHING BREAKS!

LAB REPORTS NO FINGERPRINTS, CHIEF.



WEARILY, THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE MATOR ISSUED STATEMENTS.

THIS CRIME *MUST* NOT GO UNSOLVED/ THE CRIMINALS AND THEIR LOOT *MUST* BE FOUND/ WE HAVE NOW ALERTED THE ENTIRE STATE.



GEASELESSLY, THE POLICE CARS COMBED EVERY ROAD... AND THEN BEGAN ALL OVER ...

THEY *MUST* BE HOLED UP *SOMEWHERE* BY NOW, ED.

YEAH. WE'LL HAVE TO START BEATIN' THE BUSHES. THESE ROADS ARE BLOCKED SO TIGHT YOU COULDN'T GET A *BICYCLE* THROUGH, MUCH LESS THAT BIG, BLACK JOB.



OK, I'LL SEARCH THE OLD ARDMORE PLACE IF YOU'LL TAKE THE NEXT FARMHOUSE.

ALWAYS *GOLD-BRICKING*/ YOU KNOW THAT DUMP'S BEEN *VACANT* FOR 20 YEARS. *NO, SIR*/ WE'LL GO WAKE UP THE FARMERS AND GET YELLED AT TOGETHER.



AS EACH LEAD CAME IN, CHIEF RAEFORD'S HOPES ROSE... ONLY TO BE DASHED EACH TIME.

THE SEDAN THE OLD LADY IN GAYNDR COUNTY SPOTTED TURNED OUT TO BE A BLUE CONVERTIBLE... AND THE BOX THE MAN ON POTTS ROAD WAS CARRYING INTO HIS HOUSE WAS A CASE OF BEER... AND THE...

ALL RIGHT/ ALL RIGHT!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, THE EDITOR OF THE MILLVALE *TIMES* SEEMED RELUCTANT TO PRINT A SENSATIONAL STORY...

THIS CRIME AFFECTS *EVERY-ONE* IN MILLVALE/ WE'LL HOLD UP THE STORY TILL THE LAST MINUTE.



IF THE CHIEF CAN SMOKE OUT THOSE LOUSES BEFORE MORNING, MAYBE WE CAN *KILL* THE WHOLE STORY, BOSS.

SPEAKING OF *KILLING*, I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE... THOSE...



THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT CRAWLED BY IN THE WEARY, ANXIOUS, WAITING LITTLE TOWN.

AROUND IT, THE COUNTRYSIDE SLEPT IN DARKNESS BROKEN FITFULLY BY THE STABBING LIGHTS OF POLICE CARS PROBING, PROWLING.

...PASSING FOR PERHAPS THE HUNDREDTH TIME THE ROAD BY THE OLD ARDMORE MANSION WHICH, EARLIER THIS NIGHT, FOUND ITS EMPTINESS VIOLATED.

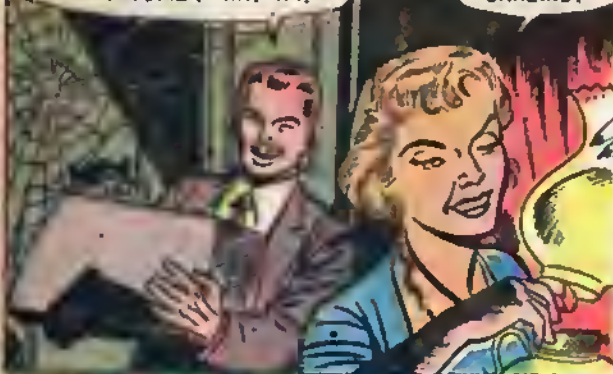


A MATCH SPUTTERED AS MAGDA LIT THE LAMP, HER FINGERS SHAKING WITH EAGERNESS.

NOW, AT LAST, THEY STOOD OVER THEIR NIGHT'S GAIN--DEVOURING IT WITH THEIR EYES.

SMARTEST THING I EVER DID, PICKING THIS PLACE FOR OUR HIDEOUT. THEY'LL NEVER SEARCH FOR US IN THIS OLD TOMB. HA! HA!

QUICKLY, BRING IN THE REST, JOE DARLING!



I WISH I'D SEEN THEIR FACES (HEH, HEH)...WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY SAID?

"WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING? HA, HA!" "WHY WOULD THEY STEAL..." (GASP) OH, MY SIDES ACHE!

AND THE HEADLINES... "RUTHLESS THIEVES," "NEW STYLE IN BANK ROBBERIES..."



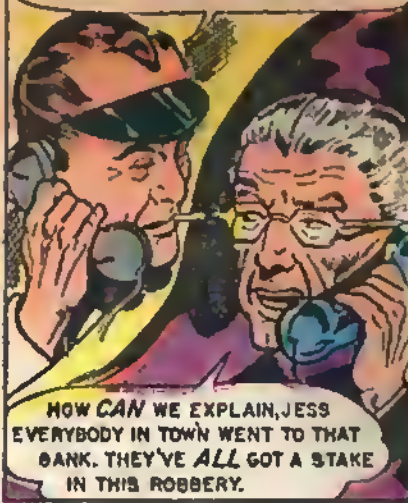
AND IN MILLVALE, AT THAT MOMENT, THEY HAD SAID.

OH, IT'S SO SENSELESS! WHAT COULD THEY WANT IT FOR?

I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW... PERHAPS TO SELL. REMEMBER IT'S VERY VALUABLE.



WE'RE RUNNING THE STORY, MR. MAYOR. THE WHOLE TOWN'S BOUND TO FIND OUT, AND MAYBE IF WE EXPLAIN...



HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN, JESS EVERYBODY IN TOWN WENT TO THAT BANK. THEY'VE ALL GOT A STAKE IN THIS ROBBERY.

BUT MILLVALE'S LOSS WAS CLEAR PROFIT FOR THE CHILLING COMBO AT ARDMORE HOUSE, AND THEY PLANNED TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

LET'S HAVE A REAL CELEBRATION!
OH, YES!
WE'LL EVEN GET DRESSED UP!



HERE'S A TABLE-CLOTH... CANDLES... WINE GLASSES... THE WORKS!

WHILE JOE AND MAGDA DRESSED, VLADO FIXED THE REFRESHMENTS. AS HE HEARD THEIR STEPS ON THE STAIRS, HE LIT THE CANDLES AND SET THE DECANTER NEXT TO THE WINE GLASSES. PERFECT! PLEASED WITH HIS HANDIWORK, HE STOOD BACK WAITING FOR THEIR ENTRANCE.



(HUMS) "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER... MNNN."

AND HIS EFFORT WAS DULY NOTED BY THE COUPLE WHO SWEEPED IN, ARM IN ARM...

I PROPOSE THE FIRST TOAST TO JOE, WHOSE PLAN...

NO, NO, VLADO! THE FIRST TOAST SHOULD BE TO OUR BROTHERS IN MILLVALE.



YES, MY DEAR. OUR BLOOD BROTHERS! HA/HA/ OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE OF RARE OLD MILLVALE '53, VLADO (SNACK). I'M REALLY BLOODTHIRSTY TONIGHT!

TOO BAD IT'S STILL COOL FROM BEING IN THAT HOSPITAL REFRIGERATOR. IT HAS MUCH MORE FLAVOR AT BODY TEMPERATURE!

HEH, HEH, IF THE COPS CAME IN THEY'D CATCH US RED-HANDED!



BUT THE POLICE WERE DESTINED NEVER TO SOLVE THE BLOOD-BANK ROBBERY, AND THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MILLVALE NEVER KNEW THAT THE BLOOD THEY HAD DONATED FOR THEIR LOVED ONES FURNISHED A FEAST FOR VAMPIRES!

THE END.



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Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

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NO OBLIGATION

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Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!

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You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

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STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

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City

Occupation

Amount you want to borrow \$

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

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Mail the
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as I did!
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the rest in proportion as I did.

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It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year 'round use—for just \$1.00. This exciting bargain really sells itself. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

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See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



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This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp, Christmas presents and spending money in general. P.E., New York

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Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
- ☐ Electric Toaster
- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

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